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Vol. 40.

February 1, 1905.

No. 3.

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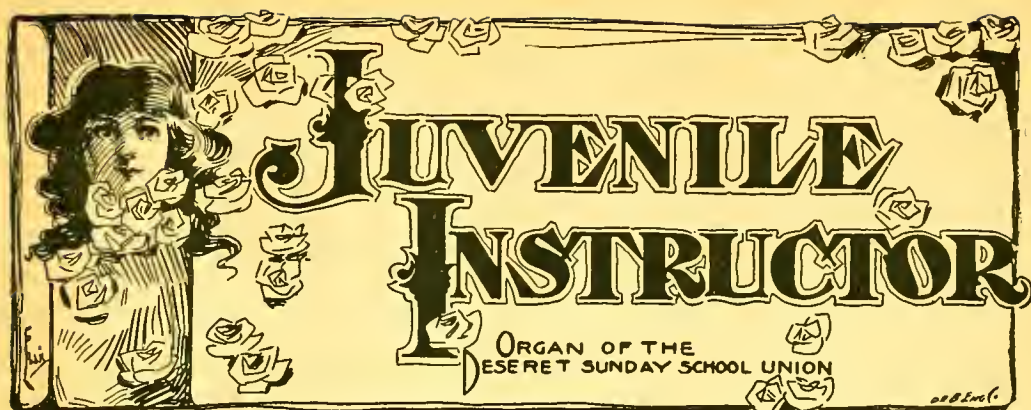
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VOL. XL.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, FEBRUARY 1, 1905.

No. 3

ACROSS CANADA.

ON THE WESTERN SLOPE OF THE
ROCKIES.

SOON after leaving Lake Kootenay, the road begins a rapid zigzag descent down through the canyons and along the mountain sides on the western slopes of

great rivers of Alberta. There are two large river systems into which the smaller streams flow; they are the North and the South Saskatchewan. A few small streams, however, traverse the southern part of Alberta and make their way into the Missouri in Montana.



VIEW FROM BAUFF.

the Rockies, from whose canyons and ravines numerous rivulets begin their courses toward the water system of the

These waterways on the western slope of the Rockies have been used here and there for the purpose of running saw-

mills, whose lumber is shipped as far east as Winnipeg. Doubtless later on, water power for the purpose of manufacturing electricity will be used, although at present there is an abundance of coal all through Alberta and not far below the surface of the ground.

Along the foothills of the western slopes may be seen here and there large ranches. Many of these ranches are among the most prolific grass producers in the world. They include often in a single ranch from ten to fifty thousand

of Alberta approach nearer and nearer the mountains, especially the lands in the southern part of Alberta.

These western slopes and foothills were formerly the home of the buffalo, that roamed in great herds over the hills, whose grass is laid bare the greater portion of the winter by the warm chinook winds from the southwest.

The rivers of southern Alberta, which is considered the dry section, will, no doubt, in time be made available for irrigation purposes, and with irrigation.



THE LAST OF THE BUFFALO.

acres. The grass in the fall of the year cures itself, and becomes excellent hay, from which the cattle may feed during the winter, or which is often cut and put up in large stacks. This is a most valuable region, and every year the farm lands

hundreds and thousands of acres of the richest land to be found anywhere in the world will be brought under cultivation. Forestry will be developed, and the whole aspect of the country in years to come will be changed.



THE DOLL'S DRESSMAKER.

I cut and snip and baste and clip
To make my dolly's gowns:
She's frocks of blue and crimson, too,
And some are pinks and browns.

And, don't you see it teaches me
An art I ought to know?
Though 'tis but play, it is a way
Of learning how to sew!

IN OLD OHIO.

CHAPTER III.

THE ERIE CANAL.



W AAL, young man, ain't as cheerful as you might be, are ye?"

Daniel turned around to see an old farmer with a smiling face standing behind him. "Where be ye bound fer, anyhow?"

"Well, I guess I'll go to the end of the canal," said Daniel, in a tone that did not encourage a continuance of the conversation.

Spring had already come. A great fleet of canal boats that had been tied up at Albany through the winter, was now making its way slowly westward, through the canal that for many years was the mighty highway between the East and West. The boats were not laden then, as now, with coal and slow freight, but they carried the pioneers of the Middle West; discontented farmers with more discontented families, old men, who must always be on the move, young men, who were alert to make a fortune; aye, and there were trappers and traders who had been in the business for a generation among the Indians of the Northwest Territory, and who had not yet disappeared before the advancing line of civilization.

As to the canal boats, they could never be called things of beauty. Just at present a majority of them were fitted with sleeping accommodations for from ten to forty passengers. Baggage might also be taken, providing it did not occupy too much space. Each boat had a cook's galley, where those who needed it could get a cup of tea or other refreshments. The boats, drawn by one horse, made such slow progress and stopped so often that travelers had no difficulty in securing a meal on the banks, where canal taverns were as numerous as stage coach inns in

the old posting days. Yet this was not true of the whole length of the canal, for in western New York it penetrated an unsettled country, where the scream of the panther might be heard at night, and startled deer jumped from the tow-path as the boat approached; and, more than that, it was not unusual to see a band of Indians, the last survivors of the Five Nations, sitting near the water-way and watching the slowly passing caravan with all the amazement that their stolid countenances could express. Little did they or did the white man dream that in less than a score of years that great canal, the first achievement, of its kind, of American enterprise, would be paralleled by iron rails, and that travelers would be pulled in coaches by an iron horse.

Slowly the boat was moving through the hilly country above Albany. Through the fresh green leaves of the tree tops old Dutch manor houses were seen near the banks; farmers in smocks were plowing the fields, and the odor of the newly turned earth mingled with the fragrance of bursting flowers. It was the season of the year when the Mohawk valley is most beautiful, and yet Daniel Thompson saw nothing beautiful about him. His eyes were fixed, not westward, but toward the home that he had left, and as the slow miles rolled along, he felt as though a certain New England farm house was to be the Mecca toward which he would be forever making his pilgrimages. He could not keep his mind entirely fixed upon home, for now and again the barge would pause with slackened rope, to permit the passing of a boat bound back toward civilization, and the rough oaths and coarse jests of drivers disturbed his reverie. These trivial incidents he could throw off, but the farmer, who so brusquely accosted him, was an interruption of another kind.

"See here, young feller, I've had my eye on ye ever since we left Albany. Ye ain't one of these high-toned fellers, and ye ain't no gambler; reckon by the way ye look ye left a sweetheart to home. However, that's neither here nor there, I've brought my family from New Jersey and we air goin' out to locate on the Western Reserve. My biggest boy went out there last year, and he sent back such good reports that we just thought we'd sell out and move west, an' if ye want to be sociable like an' travel with us, leastwhiles az long az we are on the boat, why jest say so an' come for'd and I'll introduce ye to my wife an' the children."

The stranger had no apparent motive for his friendliness other than a big heart, and Daniel concluded that it was high time for him to bid the feeling of homesickness depart. He had traveled from his home to Albany by stage, had spent two days in Albany, and several hours on the canal. Up to this point he had made not even an acquaintance. Perhaps there was more than homesickness to account for this. Two thoughts rivaled each other for possession of his mind; first a feeling for Hester Pryde who had grown dear to him during their companionship of the past winter, and then he wondered whether or not the divine call to preach, for which his father and mother had so earnestly prayed, had not come to him and he had rejected it.

It was by one of those unaccountable providences which so strongly affect our after life, that Zenas Ballantine, the New Jersey farmer, had been attracted to the now homeless young man. For his part, he wanted company, some one who could be an agreeable companion for his family on their western journey. But Daniel needed an adviser, a man with more experience of the great world, though perhaps with less education than himself. So an unwritten compact was formed and

the Massachusetts school teacher took dinner with the Ballantine family. There were just the number that there had been in the Thompson family at Old Hadley, with this difference, in the Ballantine family the girls were the older members, the boys the younger.

The welcome which Rachel, the older of the sisters, gave to the stranger, proved her to be one not used to the finer phases of society. She seemed crude compared with the girls with whom Daniel had been acquainted in the Connecticut valley. But the genuineness of her greeting as well as that of her sister, Mary, proved that she had a good heart withal, and they proceeded to make the young man feel as much at home as though he had been under their own roof. Meanwhile the two little boys, with freckled faces and sly grimaces, surveyed the new member of their circle with considerable suspicion, and it was only after several meals had been eaten together that he was able to win their confidence and friendship.

Slowly the days passed; the general contour of the country remained the same; but, little by little, villages, and then even the scattered farms disappeared and the boat was alone, save as it was met and passed by others like it. In fact those on the canal boat were, for the time being, like travelers ship-wrecked on some desert island. As the young man threw off the feeling of reserve he made the acquaintance of almost all the passengers. Particularly was he struck by the appearance of one young man a trifle his senior, who seemed to be wrestling with some deep problem. That it was a religious one could not be doubted, for his Bible was almost constantly in his hand, and Daniel often wondered if he, too, had not received a call to preach, and, like Jonah of old, was striving to flee from it. He, also, had eaten with

the Ballantine family, and whenever he relaxed himself sufficiently to enjoy a social hour, he sought the company of Rachel Ballantine, but not with the marked approbation of her father, who considered that he had placed his daughter under Daniel's special care, and that he should devote his spare moments to her entertainment. Daniel did not perceive that this was the exact state of affairs. Nevertheless, he paid more attention to Farmer Ballantine's daughter than Hester would have appreciated could she have looked upon the scene.

Sometimes the boat was tied up before sundown, and the long evening on board was enlivened by music from fiddle and accordian. Or perhaps the passengers would step ashore and go a little way into the forest and kindle a great fire, sitting around it until midnight, while one of their number would pose as story-teller, and some of the old men would give their experiences in the war for independence, or in the later struggle with England. And sometimes, when the day's journey had been hard, and many passing boats had prevented the required number of miles to be covered, the captain would become cross and have the driver goad his tired animal just as long as there was sufficient light to follow the tow-path.

And now their journey was nearly done. Two more days would bring them to the smiling waters of Lake Erie and to the new city that had sprung up where but a few years ago there had been only a fort and a frontier trading post. Then happened one of those accidents so common on the canals of early days, the forerunner of the railway accidents of later times, in the delays which they caused, but fortunately not in fatal consequences. A fleet of barges going down the canal met a fleet of barges going up near a lock, and

the flood of water that would enable the single boat to hasten its journey, threw the fleet into inextricable confusion. Rival captains cursed and swore. Rival drivers fought with whips and fists. Passengers in one boat scowled and jeered at those in another, and there was a thumping and bumping as one boat plunged into its neighbor or glided upon its heavy sides.

Collisions of this kind, while not necessarily dangerous, caused commotion and terror among the inexperienced travelers, and the screams of women and children arose above the shouts of the men. Of course it was just the time when little boys should be under their mother's protection, and as far from danger as possible. It is equally certain that at just such a time little boys would be trying to escape from mother's eye and endeavoring to get themselves into the most perilous of positions. This is just what little Willie Ballantine did. As he was leaning over the edge of the boat it was suddenly struck by a larger craft and the boy losing his balance, went headlong into the water. His sister Mary saw the fall and her shriek brought the rest of the family running to the spot. The water was not deep, but, in a case of this kind, depth is not all that is to be considered. The boy might have been crushed between the two boats, or he might be drawn under one of the barges and be unable to reach the surface. All these thoughts passed through the mother's mind. She did not know that two young men, each unseen by the other, had witnessed the accident, and that each of those strangers whom she had welcomed into her little family had plunged into the water to rescue her child.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOME DEVOTIONS



IN the homes of some of the Latter-day Saints there has, of late, grown up a beautiful custom—a service of praise to God each morning and evening.

A brief description of this service gives us the thought. It consists in having the entire membership of the family gather together in the “best room” at an appointed time, and then have a hymn sung, some Scripture read, and a prayer offered. A simple yet very impressive service. It does not require much time to attend to these devotions; and yet how much more beautiful than the hurried gathering of such members of the family as may be at hand to kneel and listen to a few hasty, oftentimes thoughtless, unimpressive utterances mistakenly called prayer.

The writer was told by Brother George Goddard that he once visited the house of a Bishop in one of the northern settlements. The evening was pleasantly spent, but when the time for retiring came the good host said, “Brethren, let us have family prayer.” Brother Goddard said, “There was the Bishop, Brother Maeser and myself—family prayer!” The family had gone to bed. Next morning the boys had gone out “choring,” the girls and mother were busy preparing breakfast and attending to other household duties, while the three brethren were chatting in the parlor. The mother announced breakfast ready and hastily left to look after “them biscuits,” and the three brethren had “family prayer.”

Too often under commonly prevailing conditions the family, at prayer time, consists of father and mother only. The children have gone to bed, or are at the neighbors, or have gone to the dance, or what not—and at this point, let us consider for a moment if it has not been the case in our house that there are some of

our children who very seldom or ever attend family prayer.

Latter-day Saints, is this right? I am assured that, with me, you will say that it is not the spirit or condition that should prevail in our homes at the times when we offer our devotions to God. Ought we not to take sufficient time to attend more fittingly to this service? Are not His bounteous blessings unto us worthy of a better consideration than is often—too often, given them? It seems that here is a chance for improvement in the homes of many of our people.

Viewing this matter from the standpoint of our Sabbath Schools, should we not see here an opportunity, as officers and teachers, to get more of the Spirit of the Lord, something that we all need so much, to make a proper presentation of ourselves before the children?

Fellow Sunday School workers, if we cannot find time during the week to attend to this beautiful service, let us at least devote a few minutes to the same on the Sabbath morning, put ourselves in proper condition for meeting those sweet, pure spirits that are to be placed in our charge that day. If we are not at the head of the family, let us labor in all diligence and kindness with father and mother, to convert them, if need be, to this idea of home devotions. We need the strength, the power, the wisdom, the spirit such devotions will bring to us.

It is not needful at this time to enter into a discussion of the historical value of the practice here urged, and to show how the fall of empires may be dated from the time when their home devotions began to decline. How nations of old were strongest when their devotions were sincerest, and how, as they turned from their God, He turned from them, and they fell into unbelief and idolatry. I

say it is not required to bring such instances to our attention, for the reason that the Latter-day Saints themselves have been taught such impressive lessons along these lines that it seems we can never forget our absolute dependence upon our heavenly Father. But in the hustle and bustle of daily labor we are liable to overlook that kind and degree of devotion due to our Lord.

Let us hope the year 1905 will find in the homes of our people an increased devotion dedicated to the worship of the Almighty. That each morning and evening will find the Latter-day Saints in all Israel gathered around their firesides singing praises to our God, reading His holy word, or testifying of His goodness, and petitioning for a continuance of His mercies.

Reinard Maeser.



THE LAW OF TITHING.

WHAT portion of my income doth the Lord require? is a material question when we are converted to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, obey its principles and have the gift of the Holy Ghost. We understand that God is no respecter of persons, and that we are His children, He being our Father in heaven; therefore, we are equal before Him, and we naturally expect that He would treat us all the same, not requiring more of one than another. He is just and equitable and His requirement would suit us all as His children.

I remember when I embraced the Gospel I asked this question: "How much of our income does the Lord require?" for I felt assured that there must be something suited to us all, that would affect us all the same, and could be understood by all alike. And the answer to this question was, Yes, there is a law—the law of tithing. God requires one tenth of our income—our increase—and, moreover, that we should be kind and considerate to the poor; but one-tenth of what the Lord provides for us, he requires from us. It is His. He gives us our increase in the wonderful dispensations of His providence and we have to acknowledge His hand in all things. Our consecration of one-tenth of our increase is an acknowl-

edgement unto Him that we believe He provides and we give to Him His due as He has required us. Tithing is an easy proposition and has been taught in a variety of ways, all tending to establish the fact that one-tenth of our income or increase belongs to the Lord. Our children can understand the requirement. It is one in ten of all that we receive, in kind. Now, if your father were to give you ten apples, all the same in value, equally to be desired, and then he asked you to return one tenth to him, how many would you have to return? One. Yes, just one in ten. That is just what the Lord requires of us. Do you not think we should be very covetous if we refused father one of the ten apples he had so kindly given? Should we not show we were very avaricious, and that we needed repentance and reformation? For covetousness is idolatry, and the scriptures tell us an idolator cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. See how easy to understand is the law of tithing if we want to understand it.

Now, the Saints who have faith to obey this principle know that it is a correct and valuable one. Those who do the will of the Lord know of the doctrine. If the Saints do not obey this law, do they not demonstrate that they do not believe in God nor in His ordinances and may expect to

take their portion with the unbelievers? We cannot be members of the Church of Christ, in good standing and "rob God in tithes and offerings." If the tenth of our increase did not legitimately belong to God we could not rob Him by withholding it. He gives us our increase and claims one-tenth as His. This seems to have been understood by the children of God from the beginning; they honored the Lord in tithes and offerings. If He had not given us this law of tithing we should be left in uncertainty. We should never know if we pleased Him or not, whether we gave sufficient or not. We are spared this uncertainty by this just and equitable law, and have the satisfaction of knowing we please God by the consecration of one-tenth to Him of all He gives to us.

The Saints know this principle is true, and they encourage each other by the recital of their experiences in the law of tithing and the benefit it has been unto them to obey it. It would be a serious thing for the Saints if they did not obey this law. Our Father in heaven has told His Saints that if they will love Him and keep His commandments they shall prosper in the land and their enemies shall not prevail against them. We are a small people compared with the world. Our strength is in our righteousness, in our obedience

to the requirements of the Gospel. We are dependent upon the Lord for His kindly care and protection. He has encouraged us to prove Him in this principle through the Prophet Malachi (3rd chapter, 10th verse) "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." This promise is to all His children who believe on Him, every member of His Church. It must be *all the tithes*, not part; tithing being the tenth. We are not dealing with man, but with God, as members of His Church fulfilling our covenants to serve Him and keep His commandments.

Bishop Edward Hunter, once the presiding bishop of the Church of Christ, was a man of few words, but they meant a great deal. He used to say, "Pay your tithes and offerings and be blessed." He knew the value of being obedient to this important principle. And so does every Latter-day Saint who is faithful in obeying this requirement, and they know this principle is true and that it is a righteous obligation.

Uncle George.



REFORMATION DAY.



OCTOBER thirty-first, observed at home, as Hallowe'en, is celebrated in Germany, as the day on which Martin Luther, A. D. 1517, published his ninety-five accusations against the Catholic church, and is a general holiday. Northern Germany today, is more Protes-

tant than Catholic, but the southern parts of the country are intensely of the old faith. Only occasionally one sees a Protestant church, while crucifixes abound in and around all the Cathedrals and even in the fields far from any house. One fain would turn away from the intense

pain expressed on the Redeemer's face. The figure is protected from rain by boards fashioned for that purpose and it appears in most unexpected places. The Cathedrals are daily thronged with believers, who bow and sprinkle themselves with holy water; they also include in the ceremony the bundles and baskets which they bring with them.

In each Cathedral, is a Virgin Shrine. In some instances, she and the infant Jesus are enthroned with jeweled crowns upon their heads, their raiment is bedecked with gems, while gems are gleaming on the background, as the light of the many candles flicker over them. Near the front of the shrine, is a deep, square, receptacle, with an opening lined with brass, into which the worshipers drop their coins. There are places also for a number of bouquets of flowers, which are brought as offerings to the shrine as well as many very tall candles—some six feet in height.

It is painful to see men and women, made after the likeness of God, bowing down, some on the steps, others on the pavement, before the image, utterly regardless of the commandment, *Thou shalt not make any graven image, nor bow down and worship it.*

A visit to the Wartburg Castle and surroundings at Eisenach must dispel forever the idea,—if ever it existed—that it was an easy matter for Martin Luther to cast off the yoke of Catholicism, and a deep sense pervades the mind of the power that was brought to bear, even that of the Almighty, who softened the hearts of kings and rulers to accomplish the great Reformation. "The Wartburg" as it is called, is a strong fortress, situated on the top of a high mountain, of almost solid rock which, in the 13th century, was levelled off for its foundations. The only means of access, is across the drawbridge, through massive double

doors. Within the portal, soldiers are passing to and fro. A precipice on three sides of it, the other one so steep that a single man could hold it against a host. Here Luther was conducted by his friends, after his trial before the Diet of Worms and here, in less than a year, he translated the Bible. He was almost like a prisoner, having only one room which still contains his desk, bed, and other furniture. From the casement windows, the view is beautiful; the sun and fleecy clouds seem so far above the summer's verdure. And here lived the man chosen to be the great Reformer in Germany! Here he was safe from his enemies, while the translation of the Bible was going on, that placed the precious record in the hands of the people. A more picturesque place can scarcely be imagined than this old castle. No wonder that Wagner laid the plot of his famous *Tannhauser*, in this historic spot.

It is a fine day, and folks are out having a happy time, sounds of children's laughter and pattering feet are all around. Some are eagerly buying the Reformation Kuchen (cakes) which are made four square, with raisins in, and are so temptingly displayed in the bakers' windows.

Students are riding around, in their showy costumes, of different colors, denoting their orders. Do the people realize the importance of this day? Or that the great church, whose power was stemmed for a season, is the beast, who received a deadly wound in the head but afterwards recovered? Do they ask the question, *whom will it turn and rend when strength returns?* Slowly but surely, that time is coming.

The Jesuit priests, who were expelled from Germany by Prince Bismarck, are now overflowing the land. By the hundreds they again are visiting the people, entering into their every day lives and forgiving their sins for money. The

secret of their action lies in the fact, that the wife of the present High Chancellor is a Catholic.

Some are awake to the new danger and call them "the black peril." But recently, in the city of Leipzig, a placard, bearing the following inscription, was placed on Bismarck's Deuk Mal, "Bismarck, wake up, we need you." But a stronger than

Bismarck, will be needed ere long. It will take the power of Omnipotence to grapple with the great question involved.

Meanwhile, we can rejoice that Martin Luther made a new era in the world's history, cast off the fetters that bound, and triumphed in the face of unnumbered foes, and gave us a Reformation Day.

Lydia D. Alder.



GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES OF EARLY DAYS.

CHAPTER THIRD.

I'M going to tell you this time something about Nauvoo, and what I did and saw there in the two years we stayed in the city.

If you have ever been away from home and then come back after a long time, you will understand our feelings as we approached the city of Nauvoo.

"But, Grandma, you were not going home, you were leaving home, in coming to Nauvoo!"

Yes, I know, but we felt as if we were coming home, anyway. We had no home except the city to which we were making our way. There has always appeared something very strange to me in the feelings of the Saints as they are leaving their native state or land to come to Zion. They feel differently from those who are changing homes because they want to make better ones, or because they want to make more money. I once knew a man who, before he joined the Church, declared that he would be baptized if he might stay where he had always lived. His home was in England at the time. Of course, the Elders told him that he would not have to go to Zion unless he

wanted to do so; for they knew that the Spirit of the Lord would convince him that he ought to go. So he was baptized. As soon as he had been confirmed, he said he felt as if he didn't want to remain in his native land any longer than he had to. So it was with my father and mother. They had left a good deal of property—cows, horses, and farming tools—which they had been unable to sell in time to come with the rest of the Saints. As we came in sight of what we had longed so much to see, we all felt as if we were coming home after having been away several years.

Nauvoo at this time was a beautiful and prosperous city of from twenty to twenty-five thousand inhabitants. If you could get what your geography calls a "bird's eye view" of the city, you would find that it was situated in a bend of the Mississippi river which resembles a large horse-shoe with the curve westward. Of course, the legs of the shoe would have to be drawn farther apart in proportion than they are in the average horseshoe. The city was therefore nearly half surrounded by water. The river is very wide at this point and runs very slowly. Not far below, however, are the Des Moines rapids

roaring night and day, though the roar doesn't disturb Nauvoo much. From the water's edge the ground in this bend rises gradually eastward for about a mile till it reaches the level land stretching away as far as you can see. In 1844 this rise and a good part of the prairie to the east were covered with beautiful streets and houses and gardens. The temple, crowning the hill, looked down kindly on the west city, like a sleepless watchman.

We were met near Carthage by my mother's cousin, who took care of us for a few days, till we could rent a house. During the two years we were at Nauvoo, we lived in a brick house near the river. It was quite damp there and somewhat marshy—you know the whole of Nauvoo was that way once,—and there was water in our cellar nearly all the time.

* * * * *

But it was far from a joyous city which we had entered. The people were mourning the untimely deaths of their Prophet and Patriarch, Joseph and Hyrum Smith. And then there were other things to cause sorrow to the Saints.

While Joseph was alive everyone looked up to him as you would look up to your father and mother. If you are in trouble you go to them; if there is anything you want, you ask them for it. So it was with the Saints at Nauvoo and the Prophet. If anyone intended to do anything of importance, he asked Joseph's advice. If he wanted to know anything about a certain doctrine, he went to Joseph. And it was perfectly natural, too, when you think of it. The Prophet knew more about our religion, than anyone else—he had seen so many visions and received so many revelations. For years heavenly beings had been almost his companions. And the Saints never dreamed of a time when Joseph would not be with them.

But now he was gone. They could no

longer consult him on any of their plans. He would never in mortality, come back to shake their hands warmly and cheer them with a kind word. No wonder there was mourning in the city, and everybody was talking of him.

Then, to make matters worse, some of the leading men in the Church were trying to fill his place as prophet to the people. Unfortunately, nearly all the apostles were away from Nauvoo when the martyrdom occurred, and the Saints were like a flock of sheep without a shepherd while there are wolves all around ready to eat them. There was a man by the name of Strang, there was the Prophet's own brother, William, and there was Sidney Rigdon, who had been counselor to the Prophet for a long time,—all these were trying to lead the Saints astray.

But pretty soon the apostles began coming in, and then the people had some one whom they could trust. Brigham Young, Wilford Woodruff, John Taylor, Heber C. Kimball, Orson and Parley P. Pratt, they knew had been faithful under all circumstances. They knew these others too, but there was a good deal about them that was not good. Brother Rigdon had almost apostatized while Joseph was alive. So when the apostles got to Nauvoo, they soon settled matters.

I was present at the meeting where they decided that the twelve whose right it was, should lead the Church. Those who had known the Prophet declared that, when President Young was speaking, he looked and spoke exactly like the Prophet Joseph, and everyone was saying that the mantle of Joseph had fallen upon Brigham. After this there was no doubt as to who was to lead the Church. A few followed each of the others, but not many; and the Saints returned, after this sad thing that had befallen them, to their usual ways.

* * * * *

Not much happened so far as I was concerned until the following year, 1845. Already preparations were making to move the whole body of the Saints out west. After the death of the Prophet, the Nauvoo charter had been repealed. Now, while the city had this charter it had authority to protect itself against thieves and others who broke the laws in any way. But when the legislature took it away, the city was left without any other protection against such men than what they could get from their watchmen. It was during this time that what I am going to tell you happened.

At this time thieves would infest the city, much to the hurt of the Saints. Someone would always be missing something. And everyone knew in general who the thief was; that is, would know that it was some of this band; but no one had any legal authority to arrest and punish them. It was under these conditions that the boys of the city did the people a good service. Very likely you have heard of the "whistling and whittling boys." Well, that incident I know to be true, for I saw it.

These boys were useful in this way: A crowd of them would gather at a certain place, usually, of course, where these suspicious characters were likely to come into town. Each boy would have a large "butcher knife," sharp and shining, and a stick to whittle. Then, when a stranger came along, they would spread out in front of him, whistling unconcernedly and whittling and going towards him. Of course he would stop at such a sight, look at them, and, when they got dangerously close, back up a little to get out of the way. The boys would keep coming, whistling louder and whittling faster, and sending their knives out farther. It was a funny sight for us—this stranger backing up and looking at the shining blades. Finally, however, it would dawn on his

mind that it was no joke, but a method followed systematically, to rid the town of his presence; and then he would turn and walk out, as it was intended he should. At this time there were bands of such boys posted in many parts of the city, and they did good work. Of course some perfectly harmless strangers were sent out, or rather kept out, in this way; but the boys couldn't tell who was harmful or who was not. So they were not to blame, for it was better that innocent visitors should be turned away than that rogues should enter and injure the Saints.

We could shift along nicely enough, though, if things got no worse. But they did get worse, as the people guessed they would. And our family were among the worst to suffer. In those days the "Mormons" were hated more, if possible, than they are now. At present we seldom suffer from our non-"Mormon" neighbors, it is generally from those who are farther away, from those who don't know us. But in the days of Nauvoo some of our nearest neighbors hated us so badly that they would have liked to murder us all. Some of our people had been put to death by wicked men, and these men seemed determined not to rest until we were all either killed or sent away. Now many devices were resorted to that the Saints might be entrapped.

One of these devices was to have someone take something—of course with the consent of the owner—belonging to some Gentile. It was generally something of considerable value, and always belonged to a person who hated the "Mormons." This article was then hidden, when no one was around to see what was going on, in or about the home of some one of the Saints at Nauvoo. Next morning an officer of the law would come and say to the man there, "I arrest you for stealing."

"Arrest me?" the man would say, in the

greatest surprise, "and for stealing what?"

"The warrant says for stealing so-and-so."

"But I haven't done it; I can prove it; search my house and lot."

This, of course, was just what they wanted. And so they would search for the "stolen" article. Pretty soon one of them would find it. Sometimes he found it so easily and so soon after beginning as to arouse suspicion. But it was all the same. They had a hold on the brother

of hiding he came back holding in his hand a brand new ax. He ran up to father with it, I following.

"See what I found behind those old sacks of corn!"

My father turned as white as a sheet. He took the ax and looked it all over. Then he said aloud: "H. B. J." I suppose these were the initials of the owner. We all guessed what was the matter. We were frightened.

And well we might be! For at our very



"ONE OF THE MEN TURNED QUICKLY, POINTING HIS GUN AT ME."

any way, and that was all they cared for.

* * * *

One day Willie and I were out playing in the back yard. It was in September, 1845. Father was also in the lot preparing the ground for the garden which he intended planting next spring. We children were hiding from the dog. Willie would hold him when I went to hide, and then I held him while Willie went. We were having great fun.

Once, when it was Willie's turn, instead

gates were four men whom we knew to be after father. And there stood father with the ax in his hand. They didn't have to search for the "stolen" article this time.

The rest is soon told. The officers came up to my father and read the warrant.

"I didn't do it," said he, "and you know I didn't; but appearances, I confess, are against me."

So they took him prisoner, and rudely

hastened him to their covered wagon out by the gate. My father asked them to wait till he got his coat, but they swore and cursed shamefully and wouldn't let him. They almost threw him into the wagon.

By this time mother came out—just in time to see them putting my father into the wagon. Seeing that he was without his coat, she ran back into the house to get it, and then she brought it out to him. The men cursed and swore again, and would not at first let him have the coat; but one of them, grabbing it out of her hand, threw it to father, saying as he did so, "It won't hurt anyone."

Mother, and Willie and I began to cry now, and to beg the men not to take father away. But it was of no use; we were appealing to stones. They didn't even answer with curses. The wagon started off with two men inside to see that father did not escape. I ran after it

to kiss him good bye, but one of the men who was not in the wagon turned quickly upon me, at the same time pointing his gun at me and said, with terrible language, "Go back or I'll shoot you." You may depend upon it that I was very much frightened.

For a long time, you may be sure, we could do nothing but cry and think of our father. We did not know what would happen to him, and we dreaded the worst. We knew what had happened to others who had been taken away for the same "offense." And what could we do without him? Everybody was now preparing to leave for the West, and we would be unable to get along alone, if father were held very long.

But this is enough for one story. Next time I shall tell you what happened to father while he was in the hands of the officers.

John H. Evans.



THOUGHTS ON GOD.

II.

THE elements of which the earth is composed show fitness for the support of man. The provision and arrangements that have been made are so complete that nothing appears to be lacking. He is endowed with intelligence, his capacity for development seems almost unlimited.

By the experience which the improvement of his opportunities will give him he can learn to cultivate the earth and to produce everything necessary to sustain him.

He can find in the earth all the mate-

rials necessary for constructing all the implements and utensils that he needs to use.

He need not lack for food nor clothing. Through his intelligence and industry all his necessities can be supplied. He can have trees for fruit and shade, and fruits and flowers in abundance to gratify the taste, please the eye, and fill the earth with a delightful fragrance.

But man with all his intelligence and wonderful capacity could accomplish nothing unless favorable conditions in his interest had been created for him. The earth would not yield and respond to his labors if the warm sunshine and the

refreshing showers were withheld from him. If these were denied him, all his other advantages would be useless. Conditions are provided for him that he could not provide for himself, and the conditions which he had no part in providing make his existence possible.

On this foundation rest all his other achievements and possibilities. Through his knowledge of chemistry he can bring together the very same elements that are found in a kernel of wheat. He may make it assume the exact appearance; but there is one thing that he cannot do—he cannot give life to that kernel, and still, for aught he knows, it possesses every element that the real kernel does. But man's kernel, if planted in the earth, will not germinate and reproduce itself, hence, for "the seed" that when planted in the earth will germinate and reproduce itself, in the beginning, he must have been indebted to that same power that in other respects has thrown around him conditions so necessary to his existence and well being.

Man can make elevators to elevate water from lakes and rivers on a small scale, to moisten the earth as a substitute for rain; and he can also make reservoirs to

store up water for irrigation in times of scarcity. But all this would be impossible were it not for the wonderful, and to man incomprehensible, water works employed by the great Creator.

The lakes and rivers would all dry up, the springs and sources of supply would be no more, if waters flowing down the rivers in the spring time, rushing onward down to the seas and oceans, the great reservoirs of the all-wise and all-powerful Creator, who, by means of evaporation and water spouts can elevate it into the clouds, the great upper reservoirs designed for distribution, and spread it over the earth in gentle showers, or chill it into snow at His pleasure, and store it up for a time in the lofty mountains which apparently He has created for that purpose.

Thus, year after year, the process goes on, which proves the arrangement to be part of a great plan devised for the benefit of all mankind.

This displays infinite power and wisdom, that all the inhabitants of the earth can see but none can imitate.

Wm. W. Burton.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THE LESSON.

Lone Heart! bereft and sorrowing,
Be true, be brave, be strong;
Thy future brighter days shall bring,
The night will pass ere long.

Not vainly art thou left to bow,
'Neath grief's correcting rod;
Love's Hand—thou mayst not see it now—
Would lead thee up to God.

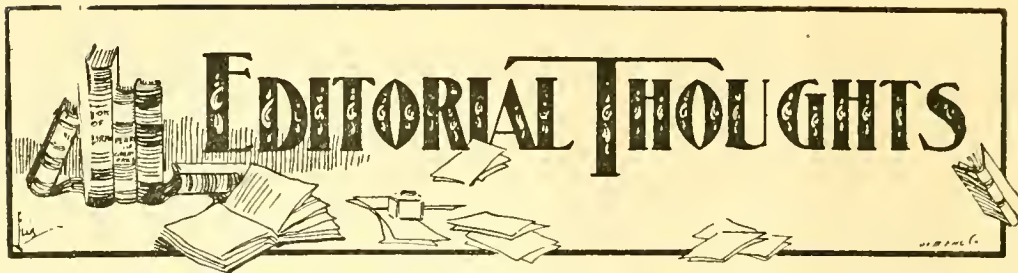
Dear Heart! accept the lesson sent,
Be strong, be true, be brave;
In loving kindness it is meant,
From darker ills to save.

Be not by earthly woes crushed down,
But trust the pow'r divine;
The Face which now may seem to frown,
Will soon with glory shine.

And thou shalt see, with vision cleared,
In mercy doth attend,
To shield from what thou most hadst feared,
Thy sure, unfailing Friend.

Thy Father, God, thy cross will bear,
As He alone can do;
Draw near to Him in fervent prayer;
Be strong, be brave, be true!

L. L. G. R.



SALT LAKE CITY, - FEBRUARY 1, 1905.

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VIRTUE—ACTIVE AND PASSIVE.



VIRTUE is active, faith is not a negative attitude that simply acquiesces in the existence of a Creator and a Savior. Faith is a power; probably a power, at present but partly understood, it is nevertheless the moving cause of all action. Men very seldom start out to do a thing that they believe to be impossible.

"There is no salvation in sitting still." The life of a Saint does not consist in blameless inactivity. Better make a mistake occasionally than do nothing. To love the Lord with all our

heart and our neighbor as ourself, in which is summed up the law and the prophets, means action; it means the performance of positive duties--duties towards God and our fellow-men. We cannot love God with all our hearts without striving to keep His commandments; nor can we love our neighbors as ourselves without seeking to help them and to make their lives happy.

The Gospel does not consist alone in precepts which say, "Thou shalt not." It is true that the Lord has commanded. Thou shalt not murder, steal, commit adultery, lie, covet, etc., but that is not the whole of His law. In each of these cases the Lord has presented the most grievous sins of its class. The law against murder undoubtedly includes the prohibition of all crimes of violence against the persons of one's fellows--against maiming, wounding, injuring others. That against stealing includes all kinds of fraud and breaches of trust; and that against bearing false witness embodies lying and falsehood, whether spoken or acted, of every description. These negative laws, which would be satisfied for the most part by mere acceptance and quiescence, will never alone accomplish God's purposes, build up His kingdom and regenerate the world. More than this is required to save mankind. Jesus led a blameless life. He was without sin, but it required the sacrifice of His life, His death on Calvary, to fully accomplish the purposes of His Father and save the world.

Living one's religion means work. "Labor is worship" in many senses. The

idler and the coward are despised of heaven. We must do our part in the work of regeneration, or we shall be unprepared and unfitted to enjoy the bliss and the glories of the sanctified world to come. We shall not reap where we have not sown; we shall not wear the crown another has earned. Not only is this proper from the standpoint of justice, but also because we cannot enjoy that for which we are not prepared; and the man who has not developed his character by a life of active righteousness cannot comprehend, much less appreciate the conditions existing where Jehovah dwells. It is not enough for us to say that while in this life we did not do those things which God forbade, but we must be prepared to show that we did something to make the world better, to draw ourselves and others nearer to heaven. We must not only "keep the commandments" ourselves, but teach and lead others to do likewise, and this teaching must be done by precept and example.

Our mistakes are sometimes our best teachers. By them we learn the worthlessness of those things we have improperly sought. Sin does not pay in any sense of the word. "The devil is a poor paymaster." The reward of well doing is sure. God never makes mistakes; He never goes back on His friends. Those who keep His commands in their fulness, or even to their best ability strive to do so, are His friends. Abraham of old is not the only one He has so acknowledged. There are men of this dispensation whom He has honored with that name. They

were men who, like the faithful Antipas, were true to the end. They did not let the foolish sentiment, I dare not, wait upon I would, but they had the courage of their convictions, and counted all things as dross for the love of God. When the alarm of battle sounded, they did not creep to the rear or masquerade in the enemy's colors to avoid detection or possible persecution.

Is a blameless life, then, to be despised? By no means; it is an essential part of the service of God. But it is not the whole. To the non-performance of that which is forbidden must be added the doing of that which is commanded. To take an oft-quoted example: Noah would have failed in the work by heaven assigned him if he had kept every moral law given through Moses and had neglected to build the ark. True, there is no effectual religion without morality, but morality is not the whole of religion. "Without faith it is impossible to please God," and a man may be studiously moral and lack faith; in fact, may possibly be an atheist. Consequently, however moral he may be, it is still impossible for him to please God. And the reason is very evident. It is that given in the context by Paul: "For he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." It is utterly inconsistent to believe that God can be pleased with those who ignore Him or who deny His existence, or further, who misrepresent Him and doubt His mercy and jus

Joseph F. Smith.



KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

Edited by Donnette Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 5TH, 1904.

1. Song.

Choose a song to suit the weather—snow, sunshine. “Jack Frost”—which ever is most appropriate.

2. Hymn.

“The Morning Sun is Shining.”—
(Eleanor Smith, p. 7.)

The morning sun is shining bright,
How fair and golden is the light;
’Twas God who sent it on its way,
To give us warmth and light today.

If a cloudy or stormy day, sing “Thanks for Daily Blessings.”—(Patty Hill, p. 17.)

3. Prayer. The Lord’s Prayer.

4. Hymn. Choose.

5. Nature Talk. Winter.

I wonder why every one came to Sunday School again this morning wrapped up so warmly? Cold is it? We still have to keep fires burning in our houses and wear our warm clothes when we go out, for Jack Frost is here yet, making ice ponds and icicles, and doing his best to make winter a *jolly time*. I know a song about the winter time and Jack Frost that I believe *you* would all like to know. It says:

Children, children! winter is here,
Little Jack Frost is out, I fear,
Painting windows, freezing streams,
While all the dear children are dreaming sweet dreams.

How many of you have seen some of the pretty pictures that Jack Frost makes on the windows on clear, cold nights? Beautiful trees and fountains and so many things. Next time you see an ice picture

on the window look at it carefully and see how pretty it is.

The next verse says:

Children, children, surely Jack knows,
Where to find the little folks’ toes,
How to nip their noses and ears,
And fill their bright eyes with big, round tears.

How many of us brought our toes with us this morning? Hold your feet out and let me see. I hardly think Jack Frost can find those toes, they are all hidden away so snug and warm. Who brought their noses and ears with them as well as their toes? Jack Frost can find them, can’t he? When Jack Frost is about caps and hoods or warm mufflers can hide the ears away and warm mittens or handkerchiefs take care of the nose.

(While singing the second verse all may touch their toes, noses and ears as they are named and by placing the tips of the thumbs and first fingers together can represent the “big, round tears.”)

Then the song says:

Wrap up warm, for now we all know,
Little Jack Frost knows well where to go,
Snugly wrapped all safe and warm,
We go to our work thro’ sunshine or storm.
(Patty Hill, page 30).

Learn first verse or more, as time will allow.

6. Lesson in Theology.

SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHERS: In reviewing or asking questions of your children be prepared with many questions not given here. You know your children, and therefore know best just how to get from them what you desire. Whatever story or talk you give, be sure

to adapt it to your special class of children.

Fast Day Lesson.

Who can tell me what day it is today? (Some may say fast day and others Sunday.) Today is Fast Sunday. Let me see the hands of the children who fasted today. Who knows why we fast? On Fast Sunday we should fast and pray, and should give an offering to the poor. When we fast and do the other things that the Lord wishes us to do, we are greatly blessed. Let us name over some of the other things that the Lord wishes us to do. Pay our tithings, fast, be honest, obedient and truthful. Let the children name as many things as possible. What does it mean to pay our tithing? Well, if you had ten five cent pieces (show by holding up your hands) you would take one of those five cent pieces and pay to the bishop for your tithing to the Lord. How can we be honest and obedient and truthful? How does our Heavenly Father bless us? Let us each tell some blessing He gives us.

7. Rest Exercise.

Choose from the following:

Five little mice on the pantry floor,
Seeking for bread crumbs or something more;
Five little mice on a shelf up high
Feasting so daintily on a big mince pie—
But the big round eyes of the pussy cat
See what the little mice are at
Quickly she jumps,—but the mice run away.
And hide in their snug little holes all day.
“Feasting in pantries may be very nice
But home is the best!” say the five little mice.

Suit actions to the words. Let the fingers on the right hand be the mice, then those on the left. Have the children suggest motions if they will, the teacher can modify them if necessary. Best used as a finger play only.

2. “Thumbs and Fingers say ‘Good

morning.’”—(Eleanor Smith, p. 52).

Thumbs and fingers say “Good morning.”

(Hold hands facing each other so that the fingers on one hand can bow to the fingers on the other; all bowing together).

’Tis a very pleasant day;

(May look or point to window. “Cloudy,” “rainy,” “snowy” may be substituted for pleasant).

Little pointers bow politely,
Tall men nod and smile so brightly,

(Only fingers spoken to must obey).

While the rest with joyful greeting
All their little friends are meeting.

While singing or saying the *last two lines* hands may be clasped together, shaking hands. The tune may be repeated while all sing la la la, and clap hands softly keeping in time with the music. Or each child may join hands with the ones next to him or her, thus making a circle so that each will be shaking hands with all of the others. The tune may then be repeated as suggested above.

3. The fingers are often named in kindergarten songs and stories as follows:

Thumb—Thumbkin.

First finger—Pointer.

Second finger—Tall man or Long man.

Third finger—Ring-finger or Gold-man.

Fourth finger—Tiny man or Baby.

A good rest exercise for a *short time* is to call the fingers by name, asking them, in turn to bow, bend, nod, dance, etc., and have *only* the one spoken to obey. It is hard at first to move one finger without moving the others. As each member of a family is named *and obeys when its name is called* so should each finger do its part.

4. Thumbkin says “I’ll Dance.”—(Eleanor Smith, p. 53).

8. Story Sleepy Willie.

The sun was up

The sky in the east had shown that he was on the way, for it had turned red and gold as he came near. And now he looked down on the earth, and there was a new day, and he sent out his beams to wake all from sleep.

A beam came to the birds and they rose at once, flew about and sang as loudly as they could.

Then a beam came to the rabbit and waked her, and she gave her eyes a rub and ran out of the brush into the nearest field to nibble at the tender, green grass.

A third beam came into the hen house and the rooster flapped his wings and crowed, and all the hens flew out into the yard to try to find something to eat.

Beam number four crept in to kiss the good old Bossy cow and waken her from her sleep. She snuffed all around in the manger but could find no hay to eat.

Billy, the horse, and the turkeys and pigeons soon joined the barnyard group but they, too, found nothing for breakfast.

The last beam came to the bed of a boy too fond of sleep and awakened him, but he would not get up. He hid his face from it as he turned from the wall and went to sleep once more.

"Willie, Willie!" the birds chirped at the window.

"Willie, Willie!" crowed the rooster and cackled the hens.

"Moo! Moo!" called the cow, with her head through the barn window. The horse called too, while the turkeys and pigeons made all the noise they could to tell the sleepy boy how hungry they were.

"Willie! Willie!" called his mother, as she shook him by the arm.

"Here comes the sleepy boy at last," crowed the rooster from the fence, and all the animals crowded around the gate to meet him, "Up at last, up at last," "Late, late," "Sleepy Willie," "Lazy boy," he heard from every side, until he felt so

ashamed that he wished he too had gotten up when the sunbeam called him. I wonder what he did the next morning, can you tell?

NOTE FOR TEACHER.—While telling your stories if you can, have the children bring their chairs over and sit close to you. Sit down by the children and you find it easier to gain their attention.

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing.

SECOND SUNDAY FEBRUARY 12TH.

1. Song. Same as last Sunday.

2. Hymn. Select one from those previously given.

3. Prayer. The Lord's Prayer.

4. Song. Let the children choose one.

5. Morning talk. The wind.

Who can tell me something the wind does? What does it blow? (Have children tell all they can.) The wind blows the leaves down from the trees, the nuts and fruit. It blows the clothes on the line and dries them, blows the kites, turns windmills, it blows our clothes, sometimes takes our hats away. It can do many things. After the rain it can blow and help the sun dry the earth. Have you ever heard the wind? Have you ever felt it? Have you ever seen the wind? No, we cannot see the wind itself; we can see the many different things it does, but we cannot see the wind itself. We see the trees bend and blow, the leaves flying through the air, but we cannot see what it is that makes all those things happen. (If you can get pictures showing the different things the wind does, show them to the children).

Teach one verse of "The Wind Song," in Eleanor Smith's "Songs for Little Children," p. 90.

I saw you toss the kites on high,
And blow the birds about the sky,

And all around, I heard you pass,
 Like ladies' skirts across the grass,
 O, wind that blows so loud a song!
 O, wind that blows so loud a song!

(When you sing it, do so with animation and life. You can sway with the music in imitation of the wind).

Now, let us all get ready for our story. Sit straight in our chairs, feet together and on the floor, hands folded in our laps.

6. Lesson 8. Birth of John the Baptist, (Luke 1.)

A very long time ago in the land of Judea there lived a man whose name was Zacharias and his wife whose name was Elizabeth. They were very good people and did all they could to please the Lord.

Zacharias was a priest who stayed in the Lord's temple. One day, while in the temple, Zacharias prayed to his Heavenly Father for a son; for you know he and his wife had no little boy nor girl to live with them, and they wanted a son so badly. And as Zacharias knelt at the altar praying for a son, an angel appeared to him, and he was frightened very much. But the angel told him not to be afraid, for he had come from God to tell Zacharias that his prayer had been heard and that he and his wife Elizabeth should have a son, and his name should be John. And the angel told him that when the baby was born there should be great joy and gladness. Not only would the mother and father be glad, but all the people would rejoice. For after this baby's birth he would grow to be a very good man and he would show other people how to be good and obedient to the Lord.

7. Rest exercise. Select one from list given previous Sunday.

8. Story. Valentine story.

Once upon a time there lived in a country, a great many miles from here, a very old

man; he was older than a great many of our birthdays added together; he had beautiful snow-white hair and beard and such kind, gentle eyes. This old man, whose name was Valentine, did a great deal of good wherever he went and all the people loved him very much.

Often on cold winter evenings, when the north wind blew and all the snow flakes came down to visit the earth, Valentine would gather the little children of the neighborhood around his bright log fire and tell them beautiful stories of winter and summer, the birds and the flowers, and many other things.

Valentine lived in the same village, they say, for years and years, and the babies that laughed when he took them in his arms, grew old enough to toddle by his side, then to run to meet him, then to walk beside him and learn the lessons he taught. Finally they were grown men and women who had other little children growing up about them and Valentine's hair grew grayer and grayer until it was as white as snow and he walked more slowly, for he was growing very old. Still his heart was young and he loved more than ever to make people happy, to surprise the boys and girls with a new story, to play with the babies and to help everyone who needed help, in the kindest way. After a time the people of the village called him Saint Valentine, because he was so good.

When he was unable to visit the people who were sad he would send them beautiful letters which cheered them very much. One day St. Valentine went to stay in a beautiful country of which he had always been very fond of reading; when he first went the grandfathers and grandmothers and fathers and mothers and all the children missed him so much they didn't see how they could get along without his bright smile and cheerful words to help them. But as the days

lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months, the people began to think that perhaps they could be like him if they tried.

Everyone set to work and they were so happy over the success they had, that it made them feel as though St. Valentine was back among them once more.

When the next year came around the people in the little town decided to celebrate one day in memory of St. Valentine. They chose his birthday, the 14th of February and called it "St. Valentine's Day," and on this day every one sent beautiful letters and pictures, which reminded

them of the stories St. Valentine used to tell, to the ones they loved, and they did as St. Valentine had done before them, and as we do nowadays—sent the letters without signing their names.

9. Children' period.

10. Closing. Good bye song.

March out quietly. If it is possible for you to do so, make a point of shaking hands with each of your little children before they leave. You might bow to them to come and shake hands with you, or you could stand at the door and shake hands as they march past you.



HOW MOTHERS LOVE.

DOES it not seem strange how the birds and the beasts and the fishes all love their little ones? But if it were not so who would take care of them? What would become of the baby dogs and cats, the calves and the colts, the little chickens and ducks if their mothers did not protect them? God has made it so, on purpose that these little helpless things may not be killed before they can take care of themselves.

Look at our picture! Here is a rat who is very anxious to make a meal of one of the little ducks; he is fond of young ducks. But he can't do anything for the mother duck just swims in the way and angrily quacks out, as plain as words could tell "Come if you dare, and see what I will do to you!" And she would. There would not be much of Mr. Rat left if he did not run away. Have you not seen how the hens, and the mother birds of every kind

will fight to protect their babies? So it is with the lions, tigers and other animals, the mother animal forgets all fear when her children are in danger.

And so with our own mothers how they love their girls and boys! What will they not do for their good? How patient they are with them when they are cross and naughty! How lovingly they nurse them when they are sick! How hard they work that the children may have good food and nice clothing! And then how often it happens that the boys and girls forget all this, and are disobedient and angry and sullen and saucy, and do and say many things they ought not to, forgetting that not only should they be kind to their parents because they are so good to them, but also because God commands every one of us to honor our fathers and mothers. And then, if we do so, He promises us long life and His blessing.

COME, IF YOU DARE!



ORIGINAL AND SELECTED VERSE.

REPEATING HISTORY.

The just and the honest are still charged with
sin;

By bigoted zealots still hounded;
To th' Nation's high place they are ordered,
wherein

The gospel trump now must be sounded.

As Jesus to Pilate was hurried away,
To answer false charges of treason,
The same spirit hastens the servants today,
To congressional halls, for no reason.

No cause save that jealousy, envy and spite,
Which appeared in the councils of heaven
When Lucifer fell, still maliciously fight
'Gainst the truth, as they ever have striven.

Let innocent people, abroad in the world,
Beware, lest by hypocrites blinded,
Beware, lest with traitors their banners be
furled,
And they walk with the dark, evil-minded.

Let the prayers of the saints not a moment be
hushed,
For the Lord to sustain and protect them;
By the enemy's shafts they must surely be
crushed,
Should He for an instant neglect them.

But know, when the black clouds shall lower and
burst,
God still rules the strange situation:
Then be not afraid, but while trusting, as erst,
Stand still and behold His salvation.

L. L. G. R.



NATURE'S TEMPLES.

As the sun sinks into a sea of gold,
Casting a halo of crimson light,
O'er yon snow capped mountains rugged and
old,

Like sentinels guarding the silent night,
I pause, for the tasks of the day are done,
Eventide whispers "Throw labor aside,
To thine attic window I pray thee come,
Ere the shadows of night my beauties hide."

Responsive I turn and a scene behold,
Causing my soul with rapture to thrill,
Oh, what a picture doth Nature unfold
On a midwinter's evening calm and still!

Towering afar to the pale blue skies,
Amid the scarlet and purple hues,
The lofty peaks of the Wasatch arise,
The scene with a glory and beauty imbues.

Robed in grandeur and splendor untold,
To the azure heavens pointing afar—
Temples of Nature to God we behold,
And the marble gates are forever ajar.
These beautiful gates are our canyons wide,
Leading us into those stone built halls.
The rich and the poor enter side by side,
All, have a welcome within those walls.

Could Solomon's Temple with these compare,
With its man-wrought carvings and jewels
rare?

Could it abound in such wealth untold
Of marble, onyx, silver and gold?
Reflecting this brightness the setting sun
On its fleeting rays as the day is done,
Bears a message of glory and praises given,
From these earthly temples to those in
heaven.

Laura Moench Jenkins.



"GOD REIGNS AND ALL IS WELL."

God reigns and all is well!
No sparrow falls, no flower lives its day,
Without His loving care that guards 'alway.
Who shall His wonders tell?

God reigns and all is well!
The stream of living water ever flows.
The wilderness shall blossom as the rose.
Love conquers death and hell.

God reigns and all is well!
His love accepts His children's sacrifice,
To blend with angel-tones our praises rise,
Our songs of triumph swell.

God reigns and all is well!
None asks in vain for help to bear the cross.
The poverty of life, the pain and loss,
The solemn passing bell.

Of youthful hopes, the knell
Rings in our hearts, yet love and mercy sweet
In benediction make our lives complete.
God reigns and all is well!

Selected

CURRENT TOPICS.

ROMAN CATHOLICS AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE Roman Catholics have never been favorable to the public school system of the United States. During the time of the strongest agitation against the Roman Catholics in Know-Nothing days, the work of purely secular studies in the public schools gained considerable impetus. The position of the Roman Church is that education without religion is a snare and a delusion, that such education in time will lead to moral degeneracy and undermine the public institutions of our country. The Protestants and the Catholics have been pursuing two ever widening tendencies, the one along the line of purely secular education, and the other along the line of church or parochial schools.

Higher institutions of learning among the Protestants that were formerly under religious control are now wholly secular. College chapel exercises in such Protestant schools are never largely attended, and of recent years the chapel has become almost vacant. Theological seminaries of that religious division are declining in importance as well as in attendance. Educated ministers are yearly more difficult to secure, and many parish churches are practically abandoned.

On the side of the Protestants in the school question, non-members of any of the churches are arrayed; and the latter constitute really a majority of the people of this country. The espousal of purely secular education by the Protestants, the reduction of their religious systems to a code of morals, and the effect of higher criticism are all contributing to the decline of religious life in America. Such a decline in religion really effects the re-

ligious conditions of all other classes. The Catholics have felt this strong tendency and have made heroic efforts to counteract it among those of their faith. Their church, or parochial, schools care for about one-half of all their children. The publication of a table of schools in our great cities, by Father Shudy, a Roman Catholic priest of Pennsylvania, shows that in eleven cities of the United States there are four hundred and forty-four thousand, seven hundred and forty-one in church schools of Catholicism. The total number for 1903 in all parts of the country was one million. The cost of educating this large number is estimated at between twenty and twenty-five millions a year.

What the Catholics are contending for is the share of the public school funds that would be used were all the children educated at public expense; that is, they want the expense of giving secular instructions in church schools; and at the same time, they are willing that such secular instructions should be passed upon by officials of the state. The number of such parochial schools in 1902 was three thousand eight hundred and thirty-five; in 1903 it was three thousand nine hundred and seventy-eight. The twenty millions or more required for these private schools become a great burden to the church, whose members, it is contended, are also obliged to support a public school system that is not used by them.

In some communities, a majority of whom were Catholics, and whose teachers in the public schools were therefore of that faith, the teachers have taught school while dressed in the robes of the priests or the attire of the nuns. This has caused intense opposition, and the courts have been appealed to. The question is an open

one, and also a burning one in many parts of the East.

The fact that in New York City today the Bible may be read in the public schools is due, no doubt, in some measure to the influence of the Catholic church in that city, though there are many ministers of Protestant denominations who sincerely believe that the entire elimination of religious teaching is detrimental to the home and to the best interests of our national life. They would gladly see the Bible taught in the public schools.

On the other hand, in some states, legislatures pass laws intended to crowd private schools to the wall. The state may wisely fix a standard of intellectual qualifications, under the direction of the state, to test all teachers. When, however, by its legislation it undertakes to discriminate against all students of private schools by unjust favors to those in state institutions, independent of actual qualifications, it naturally invites the opposition of the church.

A broad spirit of toleration in both church and state is required. The controversy now going on in the East is increasing in intensity, and it is likely to become a strong factor in politics. The Canadians have been much more tolerant towards Catholics on educational matters in that country than have the Protestants in the United States on educational questions here.

A PLEA FOR PUBLIC LOTTERIES.

A PLEA is set forth in the English *Westminster Review* for the re-establishment

of public lotteries. While the theories advanced in justification of a public lottery do not commend themselves to a rational and moral public sentiment, the article affords some matters of historic interest. It recalls the fact that the public lottery was in vogue both in this country and in England during the eighteenth century. It still obtains in Germany, and is used as a means of raising public revenue in Australia and Holland. The latest statistics of Prussia show that the lottery is a greater revenue producer than indirect taxation, the amount raised from the lottery being 90,000,000 marks or about \$22,500,000.

It is wonderful what a fascination the lottery has for the German people. The marvelous luck of some poor person who has a winning ticket often inflames the public mind to a perfect frenzy. The Germans were, in ancient times, noted gamblers, even going so far as to stake their personal liberty on a game of chance. The love of chance games in finance has always been strong in the Teutonic mind.

It is said that we will gamble and that our chance games should respond to the need of public revenues. We have our stock exchanges, our horse racing, and other schemes, quite lottery-like in their operations. Only our chance plays in finance always redound to the gain of private individuals. Such appeals are not likely to find much approval in this country. Our methods of gambling please us more than the lottery.



We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling—
To be living is sublime.

On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God.

Selected.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS



EDITED BY
LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

REBENS Co.

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

FEBRUARY.

Of all the twelve months bright and short,
You always go the quickest,
Though for the children's happy sport
Your ice may be the thickest.

With Valentine and Washington,
Your holidays are merry;
And though you give us snow or sun,
We love you, February.

L. L. G. R.

THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

I.

O world, be pitiful
To children on thee thrown!
Take them, and make them
Sacred as thine own.

A Falsehood and the Result.



WHY Hester Mathews! Who ever thought of seeing you? Of all things in this world! Where did you come from?"



Mrs. Jane Ward dropped the flatiron she was lifting back into the heater, and rolled up the pillowslip she had spread on the board ready to be ironed, as she made the foregoing remark.

It was Mrs. Ward's cousin who entered the room where she was at work. The two women met with the usual kiss, and Hester said,

"I came from home, Jane, came on pur-

pose to learn if you know anything of Nannie Hetherley's child. Some one, I don't know who, has written to me, and I can't tell where from, but the letter tells of the death of both Nannie and her father, and of her boy starting to find me. It is more than two weeks since the letter was written, and I have heard nothing later. I became quite uneasy about Nannie's boy, and thought maybe you might have heard something of him."

"Well!" Mrs. Ward began sharply, "I have heard something, and seen something of him too. But oh! I hope, Hester, you do not mean to take that little *tramp* into your beautiful home with your sweet children. It would be awful!"

"Why can Nannie's child be such a specimen as you indicate, Jane?" asked Mrs. Mathews in grieved surprise.

"Indeed, indeed he is, Hester!" replied Jane. "I would not recommend you even to see him, it would be such a sorrow to you ever after."

"Oh, Nannie, Nannie! you, so sensitive, so noble, so good and true, how is it possible that your child could turn out so bad?" And Mrs. Mathews wept tears of bitter disappointment and regret into her dainty lace handkerchief.

When she could control her voice again she said,

"You have never known, cousin Jane, how much I owe to Nannie Hetherley.

You wonder why I should feel so deeply concerning the child she has left. Let me tell you a little about it. You know when Nannie was well enough to leave the hospital, after the shipwreck, George's sister employed her as a waiting woman for herself and her guests. I was spending a vacation there, and George became urgent that the time of our engagement should be shortened, that it should be publicly announced, and that I should agree to our marriage taking place in the fall. I was not ready to consent, and we quarreled over it. Then, to get even with George, as I thought, I foolishly, *so foolishly!* determined to make him jealous. To do this, I went so far as to accept attentions from a man that I should have been ashamed to speak to. And, oh, Jane! so entangled did I become in the dreadful web I was so ready to wrap myself in, that but for the quick and brave measures Nannie took in order to save me, I should have been lost forever, I do believe.

Nannie sacrificed almost more than life itself to save my name from disgrace, and to bring George and me to a reconciliation. She placed herself liable to criticism to prevent slanderous reports concerning me, and was turned out of doors by George's sister, who not understanding the situation, believed her guilty of wrong doing. To avoid being questioned and having to witness against me, or else testify falsely, Nannie went away secretly, taking her poor old father and her little boy with her, and never let any of us know where or how she was living. I would have done anything in the world for her boy, if he had come to me. I can't think who could have written so vaguely about them."

"Well I don't know who it is either, but I can guess why we were both written to in about the same way," replied Jane. "I never knew the straight of your affairs before, or why you always stood up for

Nannie so strongly when others spoke evil of her. But I have studied out the mystery of the strange letter that I received a fortnight ago, which must be the same as yours. I am satisfied it is this. Some one who was indebted to Nannie, and did not want to make returns, felt that to take care of her orphaned child was a duty; to get rid of which the boy was sent to us without any indication as to who the sender was, so that no further obligations could be anticipated."

"I never thought of that, but it seems reasonable," said Hester. "Especially as the child is such an objectionable one."

"Yes," responded Jane. "Any one could hardly be blamed for wanting to be rid of him. He ought never to be with other children at all. But as I have none, I shall do the best I can for him, until he runs off."

"Runs off! Is he so unreliable as that?" asked Hester.

"Oh yes!" said Jane. "I have no idea he will stay with me any length of time.

Likely he will remain until I get him nicely fitted up with good clothes. Then I shall expect to find him missing almost any time."

Hester tarried a short time longer and talked with her cousin. Then she said George had come into the city with her, and would be waiting for her at one of the great stores, so she would go.

Jane did not urge, or even ask her cousin to remain longer, but rather seemed inclined to assist her hastening away.

Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Mathews, although first cousins, had never been very intimate, or held any particular admiration for each other as girls. And after marriage they had even been less familiar than before, for George Mathews belonged to the moneyed men of the place, and Jane Ward's husband was only one of the middle class.

The Nannie Hetherley in question had

first been befriended by Jane's father, while recovering from an illness which followed her rescue from a shipwreck.

Afterwards she had been employed, as Hester has told, by a sister of the man who was to become that lady's husband, with results as already shown.

About a week before Hester's visit to her cousin, Nannie's child, following the letter to Mrs. Ward, had presented himself at her door with a box of tools on his shoulder. Jane realized a kind, motherly feeling toward the boy the moment their eyes met, and she had not been slow to manifest it, and to make him as much at home and as comfortable as possible.

The boy was twelve years old, small for his age, but so bright and active that he seemed older than he really was, although rather shy and not at all talkative.

Being childless themselves, both Mr. and Mrs. Ward felt extremely gratified at having this boy in their home. They talked the matter over seriously and decided to keep him as their own, for they had known and esteemed his mother very highly, as a remarkably fine woman, and they had no fears but many hopes for the boy's future. He could be of great service to them, besides the comfort there was in having a child in the house. And they could, and meant to do well by him, always.

The child's heart was instantly won by the kind interest manifested in the words and actions of these new friends and all was well in the home of the Wards.

Some hours previous to Hester's arrival, Jane had said to her boy, "Carlos, you may pick the apples off the tree nearest the pasture gate this morning, and put them in the cellar. And when you have done that, you can take one of your needles and some of your strong thread and sew up the rips in the carpet. Mr. Ward is delighted with the way you have mended his boots. He says he never had a

job done so well before in his life. He thinks you are the handiest boy he ever saw about so many things."

Carlos had smiled his thanks—it did Jane good to see him smile, for most of the time he wore a pensive, serious look—and he had said he hoped to prove himself worthy of all their kindness and their encouraging words to him. Then he had hurried away to pick the fine, ripe apples which Mrs. Ward had designated as his fruit gathering stint for that morning.

And he had worked so briskly that long before Jane had anticipated it, the tree was bare of apples, the fruit carefully stowed away in the cellar, and the boy, having entered the house unobserved, was busy with thread and needle sewing up the rips in the drawing room carpet.

The folding doors between the drawing room and the room in which Mrs. Ward was ironing were slightly opened, so there was nothing to prevent Carlos, hearing the entire conversation between the ladies.

It would be difficult to imagine, and quite impossible to describe the feelings of the boy when he heard Mrs. Ward speak of him as "that little *tramp*," and say it would be "awful" for Mrs. Mathews to take him into her "beautiful home, with her sweet children."

These things were being said about *himself*, by *the woman* who had welcomed him most cordially to her home, and spoken to him only in commendation of his evident character, and his manly efforts to do well. The woman whom he had trusted as a true friend, whom he had believed he should find to be the nearest like his mother of any one on earth. He listened in dismay; his face grew white as death; the needle dropped from his hand and a dimness came over his eyes.

When from Mrs. Mathews he heard the story of his mother's trueness and nobility, he brightened up, and seizing the needle again he worked even more rapidly

than he had been doing, and had just finished mending the carpet when the remark of Mrs. Ward, that he would "likely stay until nicely fitted up with good clothes, and then be found missing, any time," reached his ears.

His face was still very pale, but the light of a strong determination came into it.

"I'll be found missing *now*, in just three minutes!" he said to himself.

And without the least sound that might have attracted the attention of the ladies, he went cautiously out of the house at the same door he had entered, took his box, (which contained the most essential articles belonging to a shoemaker's outfit,) from the shed, shouldered it and marched off to the railroad station.

There was a train just ready to start out, the conductor was calling "all aboard!" Carlos rushed up the steps and crowded his way into one of the cars as the train moved off. He found a vacant seat, and sitting down in it, shoved his box under, out of the way.

He felt dazed, bewildered, almost lost.

In a short time the conductor came along and wanted to see his ticket.

Carlos roused himself and said he had no ticket, but he had a two dollar bill, which he handed to the conductor.

As he did so, a sense of the strangeness of his situation dawned partially upon his mind. Where was he going? he asked himself. And why was he there on the train, instead of sitting at Jane Ward's table eating his lunch? He had breakfasted early, it was now lunch time, and he was hungry. What would he do with his hunger, however, as he had given the conductor all the money he had? Yes, every cent.

Jane Ward was wondering about him just then, too. The moment her cousin left her, she hastily prepared lunch for herself and Carlos; Mr. Ward was away from home. She looked for the boy, and

called him, but he was not to be found.

Without suspecting it, Jane Ward had prophesied truly, in part, concerning Carlos Hetherley, that he would soon be running off and leaving her. But with all her shrewdness, it took her sometime to discover, and settle upon the fact that his abrupt departure was the result of a chance overhearing of her conversation with her cousin, wherein she had broken the ninth commandment by bearing false witness against him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THE LETTER-BOX.

A Nice Time on Thanksgiving Day.

AVON, CACHE CO., UTAH.

I am going to tell you about our Thanksgiving Day. We had a banquet at the Ward meetinghouse. The tables were beautifully arranged. We had flowers and fruits and everything good to eat. In the afternoon we had a children's dance. And in the evening they had an old folks dance. A program was rendered and we had a good time.

MARGUERITE DAVIS,

Age 12 years.



From a Little Californian.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little Mormon girl. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I am nine years old. My teacher's name is Sister Larbeer. Sometimes the Elders come around and see us. We have good times with them. We have a nice Sunday School. Lots of children come.

LILLIAN JACOBSEN.



Ranch Life and School Life.

GRANTSVILLE, TOOELE CO., UTAH.

We live at Timpa Springs, ten miles west of Grantsville in the summer time. We move to town in the winter, and go to

school. Our mama teaches our school.
Papa sells baled hay and hauls sheep
pelts, and we furnish meals and beds for
travelers. In the summer time we have
lots of flowers and birds. We love them
all and love the beautiful world.

MAGGIE MCBRIDE,

Nine years old.

EDITH LILLIAN MCBRIDE,

Seven years old.

SOMEBODY ELSE.

Who is somebody else? I should like to know.

Does he live in the North or in the South?

Or is it a lady fair to see,

Whose name is in every one's mouth?

For Meg says, "Somebody else will sing,"

Or, "Somebody else can play;"

And Jack says, "Please let somebody else

Do some of the errands to-day."

If there's any hard or unpleasant task,

Or difficult thing to do,

'Tis always offered to somebody else;

Now isn't this, think you, true?

But if nice fruit or a pleasant trip

Is offered to Dick or Jess,

We hear not a word about somebody else.

Why? I will leave you to guess.

The words of cheer for a stranger lad,

This somebody else will speak;

And the poor and helpless, who need a friend,

Good somebody else must seek.

The cup of cold water for kindness' sake,

Oh! somebody else must offer;

And words of love for a broken heart,

Brave somebody else must proffer.

There are battles in life we only can fight,

And victories, too, to win;

And nobody else can take our place,

If we hope to enter in;

But if somebody else has done our work,

While we for our ease have striven,

Twill be only fair if the blessed reward

To somebody else is given.

Selected.



TRUE TO THE FAITH.

Lovingly Dedicated to my 20,000 Pupils in Zion.

Words and Music by Evan Stephens.

M ♩ = 84 Firm March time

1. Shall the youth of Zi - on fal - ter, In de - fend - ing truth and right? While the
2. While we know the pow'rs of dark - ness Seek to thwart the work of God, Shall the
3. We will work out our sal - va - tion, We will cleave un - to the truth, We will
4. We will strive to be found wor - thy Of the king - dom of our Lord, With the

en - em - y as - sail - eth, Shall we shrink, or shun the fight? No!
chil - dren of the prom - ise, Cease to grasp the "ir - on rod?" No!
watch and pray and la - bor, With the fer - vent zeal of youth. Yes!
faith - ful ones re - deem - ed, Who have loved and kept His word. Yes!

True to the faith that our parents have cherished, True to the truth for which

8 ves

martyrs have perished, To God's command, Soul, heart and

hand, Faithful and true we will ever stand.

This song is the one proposed by the General Board of the Union to be sang at our 1905 Conventions and Sunday School Conferences.



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